

Old Stories Revised

By George Ade

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood was a local Gaffer. He lived a good many Centuries ago and knew only the A-B-C of Crooked Work. Still he managed to make himself very Popular.

Robin Hood's idea of being a Good Fellow was to take it away from the Rich and slip it to the Poor, although we have no report from the Auditing Committee that the Poor always came in for their 50 per cent.

Robin Hood, like most of the successful Hold-up Men of history, was born far away from the Wicked Influences of the City. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of the spectacular Strong-Arm operations in the history of the English-speaking People were put through by rugged self-made men, who were born out on the Farm and Brought up on the Catechism.

Robin Hood has been featured in song and story for nearly one thousand years. Why so? Because he got away with the Goods.

He made a great Rep for himself because he happened to live at a time when Competition was very slack and the gentle Art of shaking down the well-to-do was still in its Short clothes. If Robin Hood were with us today he would either have to trim his wick or go out. He would be a Laugh.

Here is a Celebrity that we have been putting into Books and Comic Operas and bragging about for many generations, all because he was supposed to be a nifty Footpad, who was smooth enough to give the sarcastic Bleat to the State's Attorney and the Grand Jury.

Theoretically we are all on the

Square, but just the same we do love to read about the Hero who can put a piece of Blue Hardware in his Back Pocket and go out and get a Good Living without working for it.

Robin Hood is still one of the Idols of Innocent Childhood, although lately he has been shown up more or less by Raffles and Bill Dalton.

The best we can say for Robin Hood is that he got an Income by following coarse and primitive Methods. If he could sneak out into the Preserves and get a Jack Rabbit or a Deer and then reach home without being shot full of holes by the King's Foresters he thought he was doing a very tidy Piece of Work.

He never tackled any real Financing, except when he met some Lonely Traveler on the Road, when he would strip him down to his Jeckers and send him up the road with an arrow sticking in his Shoulder-Blade, just as a Reminder. He had a lot to learn. For instance, he was always scrapping with the Sheriff of Nottingham, instead of declaring himself with the Sheriff's Machine and getting all of the Privileges for Sherwood Forest.

We have every reason to believe that if Robin Hood could land in among us today he would take advantage of our advanced and improved Methods and show himself a real Artist. He would abandon the Kindergarten class of work-out cut the crude Pettit Larceny and get in line with the real high-class Con Men and Short Card Experts of the Present Day.

Of all the antiquated and weather-beaten Stories, probably there is none more thoroughly in need of revising than that of Robin Hood.

Let us suppose that Robin Hood is

now on deck. He is a bright and enterprising Young Man living in one of the remote Townships. He has a natural aversion to Manual Labor and possesses the rudiments of an Education and is somewhat good looking. And it is a toss-up whether he turns out to be a successful Barber or lets his Mother take in Washing to support him.

Robin Hood looks about him and sees that the World is full of Injustice. He learns that the Rich have more Money than the Poor, whereas the Poor should have twice as much as the Rich and also Annual Passes on all the Roads.

Being a lover of Mankind, he longs to take a piece of Lead Pipe and go out and adjust Matters. He discovers also that the only cinch rule for becoming a Popular Character is to attack the Money Power, so he decides to make a single-handed effort to separate the pampered Aristocrats from their Surplus.

The Original Robin Hood was a crude Amateur. He got his Easy Coin by bucking the Law and had to keep under cover about two-thirds of the time. The modern Robin Hood labors for the Brotherhood of Man and pulls down an occasional Piece of Money while operating in the name of the Law.

He does a little hot-footing among the Voters and is elected Constable. Then he gets out on the Main Pike, with a two-dollar Watch and Hickory Club, and waits for the Oppressors to come along in their French Cars.

Those having the high-speed Dingus thrown wide open zip by him so fast that nothing can be seen except some Goggles and a little Blue Smoke.

But those that are not going so fast

he is enabled to arrest in the name of the Outraged Law for exceeding the Speed Limit. The Speed Limit, by the way, is eight miles an Hour, and is violated by everything except Cows.

The Plutocrat with the Puffy Coat has a Proud Chance when he lines up in front of the Local Magistrate. The Magistrate is a nice man, who raises Chickens on the side and has Iceland Moss growing on his Adam's Apple.

The Squire hasn't got very much of a hammerlock on Blackstone, but he knows one Rule of Evidence, and that is: Everybody except a Constable is a natural born Perjuror.

So he taps the Owner for all that he will stand without taking an appeal, and then he and Constable Hood go into the back room and split it up, after which the vigilant Official goes back to the Thoroughfare and gets behind a Tree and waits for another chance to nail some Commercial Baron who looks as if he would be able to Cough.

By thus laboring to protect the Peace and Dignity of the Commonwealth every Sunday, Robin Hood pads the Bank Account until he is enabled to add an L to the House and buy a side-bar Buggy with yellow Running Gears.

Encouraged by these early Efforts at the equalizing of Wealth, he branches out and begins casting for Summer Boarders. This is where he makes the original Robin Hood look like a weak-minded Waif.

He sends an Ad up to the City Papers and tells about the Pure Air and the Good Fishing and the Home Cooking, making it so strong that he almost believes it himself.

When the purse-proud denizens of the wicked Metropolis, who are working night and day to rob the Agricul-



Then He Gets Out on the Main Pike.

tural Regions of their just Portion of our National Wealth, fall for his Game and come out to enjoy a rollicking Vacation in the Country, he orders a Car and one gross of Tinned Goods and begins to charge about the same as the Holland Rhine.

Does his Conscience ever smite him? Answer—Never a Smite.

All the adjoining Yokels admire Mister Hood for being cute enough to hornswoggle the Squires. That is, go around wearing Flannel Pants just to show off.

He is what is known in Cisco Township as a Hot Potato, and very popular because he is so dead-set against the Corporations.

He learns in time that any one who wishes to be a Friend to the Telling Masses cannot afford to waste his own time in mere toll. He must bound into the Arena and give the Octopus a kick on the Shin.

He lies awake nights asking himself these Questions: "How can I cripple Organized Wealth? What are the chances for wresting the Unearned Income from the Insolent Magistrate, and bringing it right back here to the Soil?"

Finally a Great Light breaks in upon him and the Voice of Duty calls to him through a Megaphone. It says:—"Break into the Legislature, you Lobster, for behold the Harvest is whitening, and if you don't get a wiggle on yourself the other Reformers will have all of the Pies divided before you move up to the Table."

So he put a card in the Home Weekly to the effect that his Friends have urged him to permit the Use of his Name, and therefore he is willing to sacrifice his Private Interests and be a Servant of the People.

Think of the original Robin Hood crawling through the underbrush to plunk an arrow into a Wild Boar. The modern Specimen loads his Gun with Slugs and goes after Railway Presidents.

After he has fearlessly denounced

Rockefeller and burned Wall Street to a Cinder, he returns from the Back Townships show that Victory has perched upon his Banisters.

In a short time he goes down to the State Capital with an American Flag in his Hat and a Jimmy in his Telescope.

He begins introducing Bills calculated to drive out of the State every Scoundrel who has more than \$1,890 put away. Whenever he gets the Floor, he loosens his Collar and pulls the Hair down over his Eyes and hollers at the terrified visitors in the Gallery.

Then the Attorney with the Prince Albert, who belongs to the same Lodge, comes around to the Hotel to see him. Can he intimidate or bunco Our Hero? Not for a minute. The best he can do is to induce the Member to go all over the Ground with him and then accept five or six Amendments.

The Hon. Robin Hood is a sensible Statesman, and he discovers that he cannot trim the Cohorts of Centralized Wealth unless he gets real close to them. So he begins sleeping with the Octopus in order to study the habits of the Monster and know just how to deliver the Death Blow.

He investigates the Large Industries of the State, the amount of Stock issued, the time for paying Dividends, the amount of the Dividends and how to collect Dividends without having any Check go through the Bank. All this comes under the head of Committee Work.

One morning while he is lying in bed meditating on the affairs of State he suddenly puts his hand to his Head and shudders, for he realizes that he cannot strike a Blow at any large Business Concern without injuring thousands of innocent Employees. He decides that the wise course is to regulate Corporations without causing them any inconvenience.

When it comes time to elect a Senator he is adamant in his demand that the Caucus Nominee shall be a Man with a single-hearted devotion to the

interests of the Plain Citizenhood.

He positively refuses to back into line until it is demonstrated to him that a Nice Fellow worth \$32,000,000 may be a Patriot, just the same as if he were living at the Poor House. Then he hearkens to the Voice of Reason.

When he gets back home and looks over the Papers in the Tin Box he makes the pleasing Discovery that, instead of forty acres, he now owns a swell half-section right on the line of the new Interurban. Also he is interested very heavily in a Bank organized to help out the Farmers who may need a little Money to carry them through the Summer.

He finds time to read upon Existing conditions in America, and as a result of much Serious Thought, becomes rather Conservative in his Views and lets out an occasional yelp on the subject of Taxes.

Some of his active Enemies begin to wonder out loud how he happened to do so well in such a hurry, but most of his Neighbors don't even Peep. It doesn't pay to get fresh with any one who owns a whole Half Section. Besides, he has printed Copies of all his Speeches to prove that he always stood up for his Constituents.

That is how the Hon. Robin Hood of our own Blessed Period swipes it from the haughty Rich and plants it where it will do the most good. And do the humble Commons get in on the cutting of the Melen? Sure they do. He gives every one of them a good 5-cent Cigar the day before Election.

The original Robin Hood pulled down only a Bare Living and was never more than three jumps ahead of an armed Fosse.

The present-day Article has his picture on the front page of the County History, owns a Prize Bull, and when he leans back in the pew on Sunday morning and lets out the opening line of that grand old Hymn about being whiter than Snow, the Pipe Organ falls back, smothered and put out of business.



He Leans Back in the Pew on Sunday Morning.

Mr. Dooley on a Broken Friendship

By F. P. Dunne

"Hogan was in here just now," said Mr. Dooley. "An' he tells me he was talkin' with th' Alderman an' they both agreed we're sure to have war with th' Japs inside in two years. They can see it comin'. Before very long them little brown hands across th' sea will land us a crack in th' eye an' th' y'all see trouble."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Divide a thing can I make out iv it," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight fr th' supremacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do fr an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippines, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as valuable as a toy balloon to a horse-shoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect them. That's w'en reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to send their little forty-five-year-old childer to be educated in th' San Francisco public schools. A third reason why it looks like war to Hogan an' th' Alderman is that they'd beer drinkin' together."

"Wud ye ever have thought 'twas possible that anny w'en in this country eud even talk iv war with them delightful, cunning little Orientals? Why, 'tis less than two years since Hogan was comin' home fr'm th' bankit iv

th' Union iv Usurers with his arms around th' top iv a Jap's head while th' Jap clutched Hogan affectionately about th' waist an' they sung 'Gawd Save th' Mickydoo.' D'ye rayminder how we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan Admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it? An' how we cheered in th' theatre to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo movin' down th' brutal Rooshyans moofiks with masheen guns. An' fin'ly whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' were about busted an' ayether had to stop fightin' or not have care fare home our worthy President, y'know who I mean, jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop it. It's gone fap enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.' An' th' angel iv peace brooded over the earth an' crowed lustily."

"Day after day th' pa-papers come out an' declared, in th' column next to th' half-page ad iv th' Koppeneheiner bargain sale that th' defeat iv Rooshyas was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' Czar. If ye saw a Jap anywhere ye asked him to take a drink."

"Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wonderfu' little people. How they had devloped! Nawthin' in th' history iv th' wuruld was ake' to th' way they'd come up. They eud shoot straighter an' oftener th' anny other nation. A Jap eud march three hundred miles a day fr eight days with

nawthin' to eat but a gumdrop. They were highly civylized. It was an old civilization but not tainted be age. Millions iv years before th' first white man set fut in Milwaukee th' Japs understood th' mann'yfacter iv patent wringers, sewin' masheens, reapers, typewriters, autyomobiles, ice cream freezers, an' all th' other wonderers iv our boasted Westhern devlopment."

"Their customs showed how highly they'd been civylized. Whin a Jap soldier was defeated, rather th' surrender an' be sent home to have his head cut off he wud stab himself in th' stomach. Their treatment iv women put him on a higher plane th' our. Cinchies ago, before th' higher iddy-ant iv women was dreamed iv in this country, th' poorest man in Japan eud send his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female seminaries, where she remained till she gradyated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv th' old Samurri push. Their art had ours thrimmed to a frazzle. Th' Jap artist O'Casey's pitcher iv a lady leanin' on a river while a cow walked up her back, was th' loveliest thing in th' wuruld. They were th' gr-reatest athletes ever known. A Japanese child with rickets eud throw Jiffries over a church. They had a secret iv rasslin' be which a Jap rassler eud blow on his opponent's eyeball an' break his ankle. They were th' finest swordsmen that ever'd been seen. Whin a Japanese

swordsmen went into a combat he made such faces that his opponent dropped his sword, an' th' Jap eud utter a blood curdlin' cry, waved his sword four hundred an' fifty times over th' head iv th' victim, or in th' case iv a Samurri, eud hundred an' ninety-six, give a whoop resimblin' our English wuruld 'tag,' an' clove him to th' feet. As with us only th' lower classes engaged in business. Th' old arrystocracy distained to thrade but started banks an' got all th' money. He eud devote his life to paintin' wan rib iv a fan fr which he got two dollars, or he eud become a cab horse. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that Westhern civilization is supposed to excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reatest liars in th' wuruld an' formerly friends iv th' President."

"All these here things I heard fr'm Hogan an' see in th' pa-papers. I invied this wonderfu' nation. I wisht, sometimes, th' Lord hadn't given me two blue an' sometimes red eyes an' this alkline nose, but a nose like an ear an' a couple iv shoe-buttons fr eyes. I wanted to be a Jap an' belong to th' higher civylization. Hogan had a Jap friend that used to come in here with him. Hogan thought he was a Prince, but he was a cook an' a student in a theological seminary. They'd talk iv th' hour about th' beauties iv what Hogan called th' Flowery Kingdom. 'Oh, wonderfu' land,' says Ho-

gan, 'Land iv chrysanthemums an' cherry blossoms an' gayshree girls,' says he. 'Jap-an is a beautiful land,' says Prince Okoko. 'Nippon, (that's th' name it goes by at home), Nippon, I salute ye,' says Hogan. 'May victry perch upon ye'er banners, an' may ye hammer our old friends an' allies fr'm Mookden to Moscow. Banzai,' says he. An' they embraced. That night, in order to help on th' cause, Hogan brought a blue flower pot fr'm th' Prince's collection fr eighteen dollars. He took it home indher his ar-arm in th' rain an' th' next mornin' most iv th' flower pot was on his new overcoat an' th' rest was meltin' all over th' flure."

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frindship between th' two gr-reatest nations that owe themselves so much. About th' time Hogan got th' flower pot, th' fire sale ads an' th' Rooshyan outrage news both stopped in th' news-pa-papers. A well-known financer who thravelled to Tokyo with a letter iv intraduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' Prisdint beginnin'. 'Dear Mick,' got a brick put through his hat as he went to visit th' fourth assistant to th' manure iv th' eighth assistant to th' plumber iv th' bricklayer iv th' Mickydoo, which is th' nearest to his Majesty that foreign eyes ar-re permitted to look upon. A little later a number iv Americans in private life went over to rayceive in person th' thanks iv th'

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Impror fr what they'd done fr him talkin' ar-round th' bar at th' Union League club, were forced be th' warmth iv their rayception to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel. Th' next month some iv th' subjects iv our life-long frind an' ally were shot while hookin' seals fr'm our side iv th' Passyfic. Next week a prom'nent Jap'nese statesman was discovered payin' a soeyal visit to th' Philipeens. He had with him at th' time two cameras, a couple iv line men, surveyin' tools, a thousand feet iv tape line an' a bag iv dynamite bombs. Last month th' Jap'nese government wrote to th' prisdint: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' Majesty, Impror iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, it has come to our benign attition that in wan iv ye'er populous domains our little prattlin' childer who ar-re over forty years iv age ar-re not admitted to th' first reader classes in th' public schools. Oh, brother beloved, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with ye'er havenly binivolence we wud've shook Rooshyas down fr much iv her hateful money. Now we must prove our affection with acts. It is our intition to send a fleet to visit ye'er shores, particularly San Francisco, where we understand th' school system is well worth studyin'."

"An' there ye ar-re, Himself. Th' frindship cemented two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether anything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisdint has announced that rather th' see wan octogynaryan Jap prevent fr'm larnin' his a-bee-abs he will devastate San Francisco with fire, flood, dynamite an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur'n over in its sleep fr an invasion. Out there they're beginnin' to talk about what nice people th' Chinese ar-re compared with our old frinds an' allies. They say that th' Jap'nese grow up too fast fr their childer, an' that 'tis no pleasant sight to see a Jap'nese pupil comb in a set iv gray whiskers an' larnin'. 'Mary had a little lamb, an' if th' Prisdint wants him to enther th' schools he'll have to load him in a cannon an' shoot him in."

"We'd bate them in a fight," said Mr. Hennessy. "They eudn't stand up before a gr-reat, strong nation like ours."

"We think we're gr-reat an' strong," said Mr. Dooley. "But maybe we on'y look fat to them. Anyhow, we might roll on them. Wudn't it be th' grand thing though if they licked us an' we signed a treaty iv peace with them an' with tears iv humiliation in our eyes handed them th' Philipeens?"

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